

—WHILE THE GETTING IS GOODSKI!

EVERY MAN HIS OWN NOAH
WHEN Noah, son of Lamech, told his neighbors that there was to be a flood they laughed at him and said they intended to do business as usual.

NO MORE radical suggestion has been made than that of Hamilton Holt that ordinary business places open an hour later than usual and close an hour earlier.

THE colored porter who stole a box of cigars from a detective proved that he appreciated the joke on himself.

PROBLEM OF WINE, WOMEN AND SONG
THE perennial attempt to prevent the demoralization which comes from the combination of wine, women and song in the same place is once more under way.

THE demoralization which comes from the combination of wine, women and song in the same place is once more under way. The Retail Liquor Dealers' Association, that organization noted for its solicitude for the morals of the city, is stirred up over the popularity of the cabarets and purposes to have them abolished if possible.

When one man noted for the frankness of his comments on his contemporaries expressed his opinion of another man noted for his vigorous denunciation of those who disagree with him the result is likely to be interesting.

GERMINAL
THE talk of farms and farmers that is becoming so general now can carry a lively mind into odd channels.

WAR pie is a symbol opposed exactly in meaning to the war bread, wielded, so to speak, by the energetic Mr. Cooke. It lifts its bland brown face in one of those Chestnut street restaurants where hurried folk are accustomed to eat on the jump.

Director Wilson evidently thought the auto squad was a fiver when he abolished it.

Let's make all our "heatless" "meatless," "sweetened" and "reactions" days "bleatless" days.

It is sometimes hard to tell whether the Turk is being driven out of Europe or out of Asia. Wherever he's going he is on his way.

Boards asked to co-operate with landladies in food conservation.—Headline.

We thought landladies were the original food conservationists.

Berlin has discovered that there are more ways to get to India than by way of Bagdad. But it has not yet found out one way to get to Paris.

Who says the Kensingtonians are not rich? The man in that district who lost a \$500 Liberty Bond in the street three months ago has not missed it out of his collection.

THE BELL STILL RINGS
THE bell ought to make every slacker jump at the throat of a German.

THE abolition of tollgates on Old York road, which goes into effect tomorrow, will benefit the automobilists, but the pedestrians will be in as much danger as ever from joy riders.

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WHEN Noah, son of Lamech, told his neighbors that there was to be a flood they laughed at him and said they intended to do business as usual.

When the coal dealers told the people last spring that a coal famine was impending and advised them to buy their winter's supply while the buying was good thousands of them, trusting in the promise of the Government that prices would be reduced before autumn and that the supply would be adequate, paid no heed to the warning.

Now comes Fuel Administrator Garfield, who was one of the scoffers at the modern Noahs last summer, with a recommendation that the consumers put in an order now for what coal they will need next winter to be delivered between April 1 and September 1.

Whatever action the consumers take is likely to be based on their own experience and judgment rather than on the advice of Mr. Garfield. His advice happens to be sound and based on the established practice of prudent householders, but he has unfortunately ceased to exercise any authority over the judgment of the people.

If the operation of the coal mines is not interfered with and if the railroads are permitted to supply the cars needed to supplement water transportation in the winter months an adequate supply of anthracite can be provided for the needs of this city as well as of the rest of the nation.

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There is still the possibility of more blunders, the householders who found themselves fuddled this winter are likely to take no more chances than they can avoid. They will put in their orders for coal at the earliest possible moment and they will get the fuel in their cellars without needless delay.

It has been an expensive lesson, this of the futility of depending on the paternal promises of the Government to take care of the fuel supply for the people.

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Does the eating of pie diminish pride or diminish normal capacities of resentment? Does it hinder the processes of positive reasoning? So it might seem. For war pie, newly exalted to a sort of kindly exclusiveness, carries on just the same as of yore, with an ever-increasing following.

The latest news from Russia is definitely indefinite.

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PENNYPACKER ON ROOSEVELT

Former Governor Gives His Impressions, Not Altogether Favorable, of the Erstwhile Bull Moose Leader

PENNYPACKER AUTOGRAPHY—No. 97 (Copyright, 1918, by Public Ledger Company)

IT HAS been my fortune to be brought into relations with the President in various ways and to have had at different times personal intercourse with him.

My youngest brother, James H. Pennypacker, went to Harvard University. Roosevelt was in the same class and in some of the same societies, and when my brother became an editor of the Harvard Advocate, Albert Bushnell Hart and he urged Roosevelt for the staff, and succeeded in having him elected.

At a reception in Cambridge, Massachusetts, two years later, at which my sister-in-law was present, he shouted across the room to her:

"I know something about the Pennypackers that you don't know. They sent 148 men into the war."

The cards, invitations, programs and photographs relating to his inauguration and my participation in it will be found among my papers.

At the inauguration ball in the evening it pleased me that Mrs. Roosevelt did not need an introduction and to hear her say to Mrs. Pennypacker, "Your husband was so good to my little girl."

In the conclusion of his sketch of Theodore Roosevelt, tomorrow, Governor Pennypacker sums up the man's character.

DR. PENTECOST'S QUANDARY

He Doesn't Know What's the Joke or Who's the Joker

TO THE Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—Can you tell me and others "What's the joke and where's the joker" in certain conditions?

The fact is that last year we were told there was a potato famine, and we were all exhorted to plant potatoes in our backyards to keep the nation from starving.

For months we have been exhorted to buy meat sparingly, lest starvation come to us and our allies. Now we are told to eat meat every day, especially mutton and lamb, because the process of conserving food has been so perfected that the meat packers find they have a large surplus of beef, etc., on hand, and if we do not go back to liberal meat-eating the beef men will suffer loss.

During the last winter we have been asked to go without coal and learn to keep warm by patriotic enthusiasm, so that we could send coal to our allies. Now that the warm weather has come we are exhorted to lay in abundant coal during April—enough to last us all this and next winter. Price still for domestic sizes, \$10. We must do this to keep down overproduction and lest the price of coal go down.

We are still urged to abstain from wheat, and use substitutes, at twice the price, or, at least, equal the price of flour; to eat fish at a price that the wholesalers and the brewers and distillers, who make and sell in this country twice as much beer as is made in Great Britain, France, Italy, Australia and Germany. Given Germany has banned beer for 1918.

And now, on account of the exceeding mildness of last winter, we are threatened with an ice famine and must be prepared not only for scarcity, but for a great advance in price. I wonder if in midsummer we shall not be exhorted to buy and use ice liberally at the advanced price lest the poor ice packers find themselves overstocked and their ice all "warm eaten."

What's the joke and where's the joker? GEORGE P. PENTECOST, Philadelphia, March 9.

DOING HIS LITTLE BIT

I will fight for Uncle Sam on the land, on the sea, and in the air.

I will work for Uncle Sam all I can. I will do my little bit for the cause of liberty. And will die, if it should be, like a man.

I will eat for Uncle Sam in my home every day. Though I may not like the strange bill of fare.

away, "and I never wrote anything of the kind in my life."

The address was unimportant in itself, but his coming showed kindness and was much appreciated.

I likewise sat on the platform and heard him make his address July 4, 1902, at Pittsburgh, noticing his habit of snapping off his words as though trying to bite through them with his teeth (perhaps this is what happened to "thru") and heard another later before the Masons at Masonic Hall in Philadelphia.

On the latter occasion he attracted much attention by coming at me, with both fists closed, glaring at me with assumed savagery, striking me on the chest with force enough to upset a light man, and shouting:

"Nothing like a double Dutchman, nothing like a double Dutchman!"

A Repeated Story
On Decoration Day of 1905, which was the first time Mr. Roosevelt had ever been at Gettysburg, I rode in a barouche with him, Mrs. Roosevelt and Ethel over the grounds.

Ethel was then a sweet, attractive little girl of about eleven years of age, and I tried to entertain her. She afterward wrote me a pretty little note which will be found among my papers.

He asked me whether I had ever seen any military service and I told him that I had carried a musket for a brief period, and that it had been my fate to be in the first force to meet the rebels at Gettysburg.

This aroused his keen interest and opened the way for me to tell him of the unequalled contribution of our family to that war, it having furnished two major generals, five colonels and in all one hundred and forty-eight men. "It is wonderful," he said.

Afterward I heard of his repeating the tale over the country.

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The Unnatural Naturalist

IT GIVES us a great deal of pleasure to announce, officially, that spring has arrived.

Our statement is not based on any irrelevant data as to equinoxes or bluebirds or hock-beer signs, but is derived from the deepest authority we know anything about, our subconscious self.

Some of the most interesting things about the subconscious are the things that we do not know we are doing. We are often surprised to find that we have done things that we did not know we were doing.

From this deep abyss of subconsciousness we learn that it is spring. The ruffled plumes of the Allentown trophiee is no more meteorologically accurate than our subconsciousness. And this is how it works.

ONCE a year, about the approach of the equinox, the seedsman's catalogue, we wake up at 4 o'clock in the morning. This is an immediate warning that our subconsciousness is drifting. Three hundred and sixty-four days in the year we wake, placidly enough, at seven, ten, or twelve, and go to bed at eight, nine, or ten. But on this particular day, whether it be the end of February or the middle of March, we wake with the old recognizable nostalgia.

It is the last polyp or vestige of our anthropomorphic and primal self, trailing its pathetic little whip of glory for the one day of the whole calendar. All the rest of the year we are the plodding perchman of commerce, patiently tugging our wain; but on that morning there warbles back for the moment the pang of Eden. We wake at 4 o'clock; it is a blue and golden morning and we feel it imperative to get outdoors as quickly as possible.

Not for an instant do we feel the customary respectable and sanctioned desire to kiss the sheets yet an hour or so. The tramping, trolloping humor of spring is in our veins; we feel that we must be about felling an aspen or a warren for breakfast. We leap into our clothes and hurry downstairs and out of the front door and skidish round the house to see and smell and feel.

them on our porch, we are told, but we didn't think it any business of ours to bother them. Let nature alone and she'll let you alone.

BUT there is a pettifogging cult about that says you ought to know these things; moreover, children keep on asking one. We always answer at random and say it's a wagtail or a flogging strike or a female magnolia.

We were brought up in the country and learned that first principle of good manners, which is to let birds and flowers and animals go on about their own affairs without pestering them by asking them their names and addresses.

And then we're much too busy to worry about robins and bluebirds and other poetry of that sort. Of course, if we see one hanging about the lawn and it looks hungry we have decency enough to throw out a bone or something for it, but after all we thought we were near the front porch when we left what we were doing, which was writing a check for the coal man, and went out to stalk it.

After much maneuvering to be so unquiet, and when one day we thought we saw one near the front porch we left what we were doing, which was writing a check for the coal man, and went out to stalk it.

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World-War a Phenomenon Too vast to Be Encompassed in Words of Prose or Verse

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